

A W R E N

IN THE

Burning-Bush,

Waving the Wings of

CONTRACTION,

To the Congregated clean Fowls of the
Heavens, in the Ark of God, holy
Host of the Eternal Power,

SALUTATION.



HE Bird which sat mute under the shadows in
the Desert, most melodiously is become a chir-
ping, chanting Song of Harmony in the Woods
of the Pomgranate-Trees, whose Boughs hang
seven-fold laden with increase in the seventh
year, wherein there is neither reaping nor gath-
ering, but all is offered in fulness to the

Lord God of the whole earth.

*She makes the Woods to ring with her harmonious sound,
She doth in Valleys sing, and Echoes sweet rebound.*

Her Wings are as Orions beams, and her golden Feathers as the
Rays of the Pliades; her flight is as the course of the Sun,

A

which

which from the Heavens giveth light to the whole earth ; she lifts up her head at the *Horizon* of the East, and her breathings have reached the shutting deeps of the West ; *Shiloes* Brooks run equal with her foot-steps, her path is in the green Valleys. Who hath born up her Train in the way , and is not an Angel of God ? Her young are the Snow-white *Turtle-doves*, perfect, without party-colour ; they yoke but to one peculiar *Mate*, and in the life of love do lye down in his Breast, buried at the last gaspe.

Ah my Soul ! Where dost thou dwell ? Yea, Where is the Bed of thy repose ? Kindled spices are a fervour about me, invironed with their Fames and Flames ; Wherefore I step and bow the head, and proceeding do bend the knee, and in the nigh approach am fallen flat on the ground before the Altar of the Holiest of Holiest ; for the glory of God is too wonderful for my view , who rideth upon the wings of Cherubims.

Oh! Eternal, touch my tongue, that my voice may sound thy praise , that the Feast of thy Sons , and the Banquets of thy Daughters may be mingled with the melody of my mouth ; thou hast strained my Strings with the twists of Tryal, and wound up my Keyes to the Highest ; Wherefore instruct my hand to quaver upon the *Vial*, that thy *Virgins* may dance at the Tune ; thy strength hath squeezed my Vine-press, let thy strong men taste of my Cup, for the Wine is as liquor of Life ; Ah! my God, Thou hast filled me with the heavenly good, I will ponder thy Power and praise thy Name, for thou hast covered mine innocency with the immentity of the deeps of mercy ; it is thou, Oh Lord God, who art my onely sure hope and strength of Salvation.

Remembering the Host, remembering the Angels, having thoughts of the Saints of God, and calling to mind the Lambs of the Flock, my life is as the fume of burning incense, ascending from the glowing Coals ; for the voice of the *Turtle* hath exasperated my Spirit, whereby my life is as an Hymn in the amiableness of my Loves Breast ; How shall I break open deeps to Remonstrate my Love ? The profundity of that Love which floweth in the Sea of simplicity, and ascendeth in flight

fight with the Wings of enamouredness, to the heavenly Host of the Most Pure God, whom his own right hand hath planted in the Power of the Celestial Grace of Election, and therein are to him Priests, Prophets and Kings, inhabiting the holy Mountain, which hath its situation on the top of all Mountains, and in the same do sit on Thrones in the regal and imperious Power over all the twelve Provinces of the old Earth and old Heavens, which you have found as dissolving Snow, under the trampling of your burning and flaming feet, which God hath made (to his own Glory) the foundation of the Pillars of the new Heavens, and firm support of the new Earth also. Oh! how gloriously beautiful are your feet which bring the glad Tidings of the everlasting Gospel of perpetual Peace.

Oh! oh! my Beloved, my Beloved, to explicate a little, I may make entrance with the Wisdom of Solomon, yea, and after, having exceeded his Phrases, yet the vastness of my Love to remain the same, which I never found Arts most excellling Stage of Narration, sufficient to fathom out unto you.

That wise man wrote of the three earthly powers, *Armies, Wine and Women*, and concluded Women to be the forceablest; Have not all these in my *Pilgrimage* battled with me? Yea, although the least indeed within me, yet even as face to face with me in such measure as to Remonstrate would fill up many long lines, with the like Characters as these of Ink; Nevertheless, *All*, yea and seven times more then all these in full force coming as floods of impress upon my little City Walls, never did equal nor parallel the strength, vigour and vertue which is in the least Lamb of the Sheep-fold.

Moreover I declare, though the said three might yet attempt my Tower (to wit) an Army, as the force of seven Armies; and Wine with seventy times seven, the strength of the strongest Wine; and Women, with seventy times seven hundred times their strength in the excellency of beauty, lustre and love, yet I am perswaded in the pure fear, dread and power of God Almighty, that they all would not touch my life, or make me desile the bed of my Marriage; But I testifi-

he, the thoughts of the countenance of one *Lamb* overcome me in the Ocean of Eternal Love, which of a truth I feel and find in me, granted by the good hand of God, *stronger* then the first and last Enemy which is Death, or Lord and power of darkness, upon the which my Love, which is very life, trampleth as Cells in the infernal places in the utmost obscurity, in which Love (through perfect fear) I find my Soul established and life compleated.

Furthermore, my dearly beloved Sisters and Brethren, You know the natural influences of the old Courses, (*viz*) the love of the Child to the Parents, and the Mothers bowels to the fruit of her Womb; yea, and the love of her who forsaketh Father and Mother and cleaves to her Husband, whose desire is after her own flesh, concerning and super-ascending wch, I testifie (as one who hath ample knowledge of the Principal & Rarest part of the first affection) unto you my infinitely beloved in the Eternal vertue; that, as the bright Heavens in height are exceedingly above the dark face of the low earth, so is my Love to you, (Oh! my Love, my Love, oh! to you Gods own everlasting inheritance and treasure exceeding all which is of, or hath relation to the first birth of the flesh, fleshly in its most endeared natural streams and floods of the fulnesse of that love and affection. And although I have thus far made an entrance of oration, yea am till as far from emptying my self of the incomprehensibility of his treasure, as is the entrance of the East-wind, (which no man knowes from whence it comes) to the utmost passage of the West, whither it flyeth, the which no man knoweth whither it goeth.

Casually therefore in righteousness, (forasmuch as this Love shall prosper, the other pine and wither; This shall live, the other dye; This in God is infinite and endlesse, the other with the Fabricks fall fully finished) I recommend your living Spirits in one word, which is your drink, food, raiment and life to feel me, and reach the pure openings of my innocent bosome to you all, without respect to any mans person, from him who sits on the throne, even to him who is a door-keeper of the house of the Lord, or a *Sweeper* of the entrance of his holy habitation, whereof this is the sum; *Lambs*, your life

life is my love, and my life to the uttermost hour of the Cisterns death; and thenceforth a Crown of life for ever, Amen. Of which, this is the sure earnest, *The Crosse on my back, and Crown of Thorns on my head.*

And whereas I have a continuall Cloud of witneses in my view; and an immoveable Pillar of Testimony, solidly pitcht in my most internal habitation and dwelling; that you the *Quakers* and Tremblers, (who do purely dread and tremble at the Word of the Lord God) are his chosen Generation, his Royal Priest-hood, and most peculiar and everlasting inheritance. Furthermore, having the ample assurance (in the glorious light of the Supream Council) that the holiest preceeding ages never saw dayes exceeding the glory of your blessed day, which wonderfully in one hath sprung up from on high, and visited you with such a portion of the vertue of God, which although signes and miracles are plentifully written of and believed, and the gift of Tongues and languages given to divers in the primitive dayes; Nevertheless, I John, do bear herein a true record and witness of God, testifying, That Abraham who talked with God in the Tent door, And Lot who entertained the Angels in Sodom. Noab who built the Ark with Gopher wood, And Moses, who through the Red Sea, led Israel out of Egypt, they saw not such a glory as now is revealed among you.

There were also among the Holy Apostles, who prophesied of you and of your time; They at a distance saw your day and joyced, who witnessed to the Brethren, saying, *He that shall come will come, and will not tarry*: and again, *He shall come the second time without sin unto Salvation.* And thus, unto you he is come, in whom the promise (by his coming, is compleatly perfected.

If you therefore I should forget, and bury the thoughts of the Sanctity and celestial excellency of your life and vertue, in the dark grave of the black belly of Oblivion; Then would my fresh green lawrell leaf become as a fire-scorched-skin of a wild beast, and the scent thereof as the smoak of Sulphur unto me: my *Palm* branch would be as a burning Torch consuming my Reins within me, and my Psalm and Song of Hosanna

fanna be as the girdings of howlings about me. Alas! should I defile the bed of my Spouſes Virginity, with the Daughters of *Jeſabels* attire and beauty, then would the curtains of my Love be as the flame of the Lake, and her bed fall as vengeance upon me. Wherefore, Oh! my wholly Beloved, my Love ſhall run in the Cannel of fear, and her courſes as the ſtreams of carefullneſſe towards thee; of which current and conduit I wait under ſeale of Salvation, that the perfection of all vertue is onely and alone retained in the life of the perfect fear of the Lord God, in which there is no unbelief or Spirit of doubt; for the perfect Love, held in the perfect fear, caſteth all that fear out which ariſeth of the ſpirit of diſtruſt.

Gods choſen and peculiar Number, of all Statutes, Conditions, and Qualifications, The greeting of his Simple Servant, your beloved Brother.

Young begotten by the Imortal ſeed, wait for the day of your Travaile, and in the pangs thereof, look to your Deliverer, doubt not, that you dye not, for the Salvation of the Woman is in Child-birth. Be patient, and of a pure contented Spirit, and lo, the ſudden moment will ſhew thee the Travaile of thy ſoule, and thy pain ſhall paſſe ſwiftly from thee; beholding a Man-child, thou ſhalt remember thy ſorrowes no more.

Tryall to every bearer and ſayer, to know the bearer from the Bearer, The Sayer from the Doer.

Doſt thou ſpeak of *Canaan*, & dwelleſt joyned to *Egypt*s fleſh-pots? there is a Sea and a Wilderneſſe ſeparates thee. Doſt thou ſpeak of *Jeruſalem* in the City of *Sodom*? the walls of her Luſts do bind thee. Doſt thou ſpeak of *Sion* in *Myſtery-Babylon*? her excelling magnanimity, merchandize, muſick and ſorceries have enchanted thee: Thou art the invaſſal'd work of her witch-craft. Why preacheſt thou the pleaſures of *Paradice*, dwelling in the Dungeon of darkneſs? Read thy nature, and read thy Father, of the Liar, the old Serpent; of the envious *Cain*, of the proud *Lucifer*, of the earthly *Eſau*, of the mocker *Iſhmael*, of the treacherous *Judas*, of the perſecuter *Pilate*, of the

(7)
the Glutton Dives, of the false Prophet Baal, of the hieling Balaam, besides more then are now utterable. Each actor read thy discent from thy own Fathers Loines. Oh! Professor, hast thou seen the slaughter of thy fleshly desires? remains there nothing which would be something? If thou hast but forsaken all things, to be reckoned something, what is thy advance otherwise but a vain Vapour? Know thy seat in the secret paths, for the Lord searcheth the heart. Answer the Light, and thou answerest God, and the questions of his sincere Servants. No Zeal, but by forsaking Sodom; No Canaan, but through coming out of Egypt; No Zion, but by burning of Babylon; No Paradise, but through the flaming sword; No Crown but through the Cross; No Heir, but through travell and pangs. The Consecration of Bread is not for Dogs food, nor Manna for swines meat. Balaam hath his hire to day, and the morrow gives his full wage; Woe, Woe to all his mercenary Members.

BABES, Feel your hunger, and moderately suck the Breasts of your Mother, not bruising the Paps with the young sharp teeth of the mouth of greedy desire; Repose in her Bosome all the night long, and she will arise and deck thee at the dawning of the day; she will hold thee in the armes of her Love, and hug thee in the bosome of her joy.

WEANED CHILDREN, Eat your Pap and glut not; Fear, lest you loath the nourishment of your life; hate not the Breast because of the wormwood, for the bitter herb was put to wean you; still the breast is unchangeably the same.

And you of the Number that learn to Tattle with the Tongue, hearken to the Instruction of your Teacher within, that you may quickly attain to the distinct and perfect sound of Syllables; and by his Doctrinal precepts in short progresse, become as Orators of the Councel of God: then will thy voice be a delight to thy Mother; thou wilt hang as a Jewell on her neck.

YOUNG MEN, Drink Wine & refresh you, but be not drunk;

Fear

Fear lest your nakednesse be seen in a dead sleep, where there is none to cast a Garment over you; grow in prudence, and a double portion shall endow thee in the Marriage: Thy youth not being prodigal, but provident, will acquire the mantle of Praise spread on the shoulders of Wildoms beloved-Son, and in his house of antiquity, shall have the seat of a hoary head.

DAMOSELS and VIRGINS, watch in the Chastity to keep it; *Fear* lest the product of a moment reduce you to that which is the grief of an old age. For then feebleness joyns to Joynts, and weaknesse seizes on Sinews, and well-wet hair drops down on the ground, and baldnesse shews the shame of thy youth: but Garlands shall be the glory of thy virginity; thy blood shall be as the blush of a Rose, and thy face as the white Lilly; thy Mother will deck thee as a Damosel Bride, for the Prince of the Scepter of Judah; he will make thy breasts the bed of his pleasure, and will give thee the strength of his might; thou shalt conceive the seed of his Loins, and bear Children like Angels of God; thou shalt see thy Travel and live, thy countenance shall be the compasse of life; thou shalt see the issue of the day which shall never waste nor decay.

LABOURERS, Labour, not straining your strength beyond the measure of fear, lest you should return from the stage as maimed members; Labouring in the equall proportion, thy work shall proceed as prosperous, and waiting for the early and later rain, through the passages of winter and summer seasons, thou shalt reap a full harvest, and gather thy Corn into thy Barn; Thou shalt eat the bread of thy Labours, and thy Soule shall be satisfied with the good; The Vertue shall cover thy Kidneys with fatnesse, and make thy Belly as an Oyl-brook.

And oh! ye MINISTERS at the Altar, in the Temple of the holy God, who are as continual fuel to the fire, and as a Sacrifice in the midst of the flames; my living eternally beloved Brethren and Sisters in the Almighty power of the most high, I
JOHN

JOHN a low & tender Disciple of the Spirit of life, in Commis-
 sion of the Supream; to you all, do transmit the fruit of the seed
 of the holy word of acceptation, praying God and exhorting,
Persevere in the race; Let every thorn which pricketh in the side
 be as a heavenly Spur, provoking you to a swift course.
 Though I am as the least of Gods thousands, yet surely the
 vertue of life is ready at my hand. I am full, I am full, even
 as the laden-ship, even full to the upper deck; but the hand
 of wisdom doth lock up my hatches; the substance is yours
 in the safe hold. Oh! ye deep Wells, filled with the waters of
 the fountain, disperse ye as showres, and spread as the rainy
 clouds. Oh! water, water the plants, be ye as overflowing
 streams to the tender Vines in the smooth Valleys. Let the
 voyce of resurrection descend from your Sphere in the un-
 changeable Courses of life; Let the breath of your Nostrils
 be as the Winds of the Heavens, dispersing the night clouds;
 and let the vertue of Restoration, as naturally drop from your
 mouths, as the disension of the early dew, and as the salt
 Seas do flow with their constant savour, that the weak may be
 strong with the vigour of your vertue, and the strong as him
 that hath received a seven-fold measure of valour. God Al-
 mighty cloath you with the robe of honour, and lead you as
 Lambs in the life of Jesus, in the power of his Ministry, to the
 end of your race, and Angels shall follow your footsteps, and
 bear up your train after you; Diadems, Garlands, and Crowns
 shall settle on your heads for ever.

TRIBULATED, The beloved Brethren in Prisons and Dens
 for your pure consciences towards God, Dwell in the patience
 under the sweet chastizements of your teace; Pure Lambs
 and persecuted ones for Gods Truth and seeds sake, rest in
 your innocency, yielded to the slaughter according to the
 example of your fore-runner, alwaies loving your enemies,
 praying for your persecutors, let content be your Crown for
 ever, *so live, and so dye*, and your bloud of life will lastly give
 you the Dominion over all, and the innocency thereof speak
 to the face of God in Judgement, of the earth which drank it;
 your souls shall not misse of their expectation in the bosome of

God, for his Breast shall be your Bed of repose, for whose righteousness sake, you love not your liberties, nay nor lives unto the death.

Most dear ones, I am your Brother in the same blessed Kingdom of the Tribulation, Patience, and Content, instantly ministering my Spirits everlasting love to you. Oh! ye made worthy in the heavenly Calling of the acceptance of so blessed a Service; Peace be unto you, and all Gods flock, *Amen.*

*Written in prison, by J. P. Let this be read with the Spirit of life,
9th. 4th. month, 1660. in all your holy assemblies.*

To the Seed of the Kingdom, Plants of the Paradise
of God; most purely and everlastingly beloved
Brethren and Sisters, in the immortall
life, *Congratulation.*

Can I forget that womb whose Travails were
For me more grievous, then which flesh could bear?
Or bury in Oblivions Grave, that Breast
Which suckled me? or Cradle of my rest?
Can I forget my friends as deadly foes?
Or scorn the bed of heavenly joyes repose?
Or loath the waters sweet, of Jacobs well,
Like Sulphury streams of the infernal Cell?
Can I forget that hand and living bread?
Which in sore famine, freely hath me fed;
Or drown in deeps the thoughts of Gods own breath
To burst like Judas, strangled unto death?
Nay, for in God, most merciful and just,
Abides my confidence, faith, hope, and trust.
Ab Sion, Sion, thy most glorious life,
Is all to me, my joy, I am thy wife:
And therefore if I should make sleight of thee,
Then all thy good would be a sting to me;

Then would my Bow against me surely bend,
 And all my darts into my body send,
 And all the pointed Arrows of my Quiver,
 Would sorely stick fast in my heart and Liver.
 Then would my sword which on my Loines is bound,
 Fall sharp on me, and leave a mortal wound :
 Yea, then the Teeth of this my Instrument,
 Would flesh from bones, and all my intrals rent.
 My honey would become as Rue and Gall,
 And heavenly showres like snares of fire would fall
 Upon my head, yea then my pleasant Wine,
 Would be as molten lead ; And this streight Line,
 Would mark out all, even as an equal due,
 Which gives clear sight that God's most just and true.
 The oyl which burns within this Lamp of Gold,
 Would also me in flames of fire fold :
 For then would Shilo all his currents make
 To me, like as the fiery burning lake ;
 Should I become like as a turning vane,
 Then this my bread would be my deadly bane.
 My marrow would become like pitch and tar
 In dreadful flames ; yea then the morning star,
 Which hath reveal'd his glorious shining light,
 Would gird me in the hideous bowling night ;
 But surely I to Gods own mercy have
 Committed all, whose grace doth freely save ;
 Weaknesse is mine, but strength's in Gods own hand,
 By which alone, in fear, I live and stand :
 In baptismes fire, exceedings John's, who lead
 To Jordans deeps, whom Herod did behead.
 Ah ! Babes most dear, with you in that I am,
 Which gives to see me as a patient Lamb,
 In pure content, bearing the yoke and Crosse,
 Esteeming mortall, but as dung and drosse ;
 In taste of vertue, of the heavenly seed,
 At Gods own Table with you all I feed ;
 With each low worm in his own proper measure,
 I drink a dram of the sweet wine of pleasure,

My soule in ardency of life doth say,
 I am as near you as the light the day.
 As firmly fixt like flesh unto your bones,
 As in the mountains solid rocks and stones.
 A reall in you though no flesh can see,
 As is the Sap in the green Olive Tree:
 I've chosen you like as the Turtle Dove,
 To be dissolv'd in this most constant Love.
 I want the words of wisdoms deep profound,
 To shew how deep y'are planted in this ground:
 What shall I say unto my heart within?
 Where canst thou end, but where thou didst begin;
 And there the Rivers run, exceeding measure,
 What shall I say of this my Loves vast treasure;
 You have much more then this weak hand can write,
 For all is yours which Spirit doth indite;
 My Spirits also with and in you all,
 Who by the same are saved from the fall.
 Can I within me lesse affection find,
 Then worms or beasts who love their proper kind?
 Nay Lambs, ye know in living substance well,
 That my Brooks current, mortall doth excel.
 For this my stream towards the deep doth run,
 As doth my flame ascend towards the Sun.
 No wise Philosopher did ever know
 The moving Cause, why Seas do ebbe and flow;
 Nor of them all within their Tombs do lye,
 E're saw the Love, which moves the Sun to fly,
 In Course most swift round heavens widest wheel,
 But Gods Host now, the cause and life doth feel.
 The lesser to the greater is well known,
 And each true nature moves towards its own.
 Here's fire below, the greater flames above,
 Till twain are joyned, they do yearn both in Love.
 Th'ore-whelming floods which on the earth were sent
 In Noaks day, dropt from the firmament;
 Besides, you see how raining clouds do bring,
 Refreshing showres in pleasant time of spring;

And fills the fountains which are here below,
 And still the streams unto the Seas do flow,
 And all their Tides, wherein they alwaies move,
 Shew their affection, to the Seas above.
 Now read me and my Love, which tongue can't speak,
 To you my life, which death, nor hell can break,
 Tet still I pray, in fear, that God defend
 Me, from the ill, and save me to the end.

Amen. J. P.

BRETHREN and SISTERS, Look purely to your proper life, to be able to stand the Tryall of the day ; Happily you may know what you are to day, but who can say what he shall be to morrow ? Let none look out at me, but within to feel me, for I look up to God, and the cup which I patiently swallow is honey-sweet in my belly ; God hath heard my prayers, and answered me, wherein my soule is refreshed, whose favour I besought with watches and careful tears, that you might know, and now it is enough that you do know, that I have lived, and in the life do live as an offered Sacrifice to dye in God : And therefore now for the fabrick quickly to stretch on its last bed, and there to sleep the long sleep, it is but one to me, as to walk, or rather, it is better to me for it to repose in her mothers womb, for lo I shall live and not dye.

All dear sucking Lambs and Sheep of the fold, pray for me every where, Pray in the Spirit and cease not, for the lowest groan God heareth.

HOLT SEED, Be pure unto the end, and the Crown and Kingdom is yours. So the Father in his Love, keep you in the Love and Uniry, and make your day as the spring which covereth the earth with green.

J. P.

ABRA-

ABRAM believed, and his faith was imputed to him for Righteousnesse; And *Moses* in the same steps marched through the Red Sea, and the Children of *Israel* followed him and were saved; but the presumption of the enemy God drowned in the deeps thereof; Ah! how many were his works of power to a murmuring people in the wilderness? and how wonderfully also did he alwayes save *Israel*, in the extreame deep times of tryall?

Oh seed of the holy one, all most dear and precious plants of the heavenly Kings renown, I have alwayes in Spirit been among you, and frequently have transmitted my exhortations in the fulnesse of the bowels of Love and life unto you, saying, wait for the Triall to stand it, and bear it, for the Lord God will have Gold and no Tin. He will have Turtle-Doves perfect white, and no party-coloured birds. And therefore again I say, O ye bones, be joyned with the Sinneus; O ye veins, looke not your blood, for that is the life of all Creatures; But Lambs, be ye patient and content, and look up and wait a while and you shall see, and stand in the power, and the power will stand in you, and in it pray the Father, and the Father will hear you.

And grieve not if a Thistle or Thorn should blossom, for so the North wind can blast it, and then it will fall to the Grave of forgetfulness: Consider my Brethren, who made the Rose, a Rose? and cannot he also make the Bryar a Lilly? and hath not our God made that of good, which the Son of man thought would never be for a service of good? how ever tryals shall be for your everlasting good, as you abide to the day.

Itselfe to you, that all Nations is but as one man, and him as the dust of the ground before the Lord God; And who can say, of what God Almighty made the dust? yea, or the Globe of the whole earth: Ah Lambs, am not I your Brother in the heat of a hot day? The Lord our Righteousnesse keep you, as his mercy preserveth me an object for your pure eye to look on; but look ye not out, but dwell within, for, from the
presence

presence of the Eternal power, I speak, The earth shall rowle
 as a smooth iron ball cast down a steep hill, which finds no
 lett untill it's fallen to the bottom thereof; untill that the
 King reign whose right of due it is; and therefore, under the
 Scepter of his Government, dwell ye in the peace, and in the
 pure content, and his favour will countenance you beyond
 your hearts expectation; And this is the *Word of the Lord God*,
 which changeth times, unto all Gods people upon the face of
 the earth, to whom my whole Soul and Spirit is knit, and
 united in the perfect life of the living body.

John the prisoner of Christ
 9th. 4th. Month, 1660.

THE END.

London, Printed for *Thomas Simmons*, at the Bull and Mouth
 near Aldersgate, 1660.

[illegible]

1870
 1871
 1872
 1873
 1874
 1875
 1876
 1877
 1878
 1879
 1880
 1881
 1882
 1883
 1884
 1885
 1886
 1887
 1888
 1889
 1890
 1891
 1892
 1893
 1894
 1895
 1896
 1897
 1898
 1899
 1900
 1901
 1902
 1903
 1904
 1905
 1906
 1907
 1908
 1909
 1910
 1911
 1912
 1913
 1914
 1915
 1916
 1917
 1918
 1919
 1920
 1921
 1922
 1923
 1924
 1925
 1926
 1927
 1928
 1929
 1930
 1931
 1932
 1933
 1934
 1935
 1936
 1937
 1938
 1939
 1940
 1941
 1942
 1943
 1944
 1945
 1946
 1947
 1948
 1949
 1950
 1951
 1952
 1953
 1954
 1955
 1956
 1957
 1958
 1959
 1960
 1961
 1962
 1963
 1964
 1965
 1966
 1967
 1968
 1969
 1970
 1971
 1972
 1973
 1974
 1975
 1976
 1977
 1978
 1979
 1980
 1981
 1982
 1983
 1984
 1985
 1986
 1987
 1988
 1989
 1990
 1991
 1992
 1993
 1994
 1995
 1996
 1997
 1998
 1999
 2000
 2001
 2002
 2003
 2004
 2005
 2006
 2007
 2008
 2009
 2010
 2011
 2012
 2013
 2014
 2015
 2016
 2017
 2018
 2019
 2020
 2021
 2022
 2023
 2024
 2025
 2026
 2027
 2028
 2029
 2030
 2031
 2032
 2033
 2034
 2035
 2036
 2037
 2038
 2039
 2040
 2041
 2042
 2043
 2044
 2045
 2046
 2047
 2048
 2049
 2050
 2051
 2052
 2053
 2054
 2055
 2056
 2057
 2058
 2059
 2060
 2061
 2062
 2063
 2064
 2065
 2066
 2067
 2068
 2069
 2070
 2071
 2072
 2073
 2074
 2075
 2076
 2077
 2078
 2079
 2080
 2081
 2082
 2083
 2084
 2085
 2086
 2087
 2088
 2089
 2090
 2091
 2092
 2093
 2094
 2095
 2096
 2097
 2098
 2099
 2100
 2101
 2102
 2103
 2104
 2105
 2106
 2107
 2108
 2109
 2110
 2111
 2112
 2113
 2114
 2115
 2116
 2117
 2118
 2119
 2120
 2121
 2122
 2123
 2124
 2125
 2126
 2127
 2128
 2129
 2130
 2131
 2132
 2133
 2134
 2135
 2136
 2137
 2138
 2139
 2140
 2141
 2142
 2143
 2144
 2145
 2146
 2147
 2148
 2149
 2150
 2151
 2152
 2153
 2154
 2155
 2156
 2157
 2158
 2159
 2160
 2161
 2162
 2163
 2164
 2165
 2166
 2167
 2168
 2169
 2170
 2171
 2172
 2173
 2174
 2175
 2176
 2177
 2178
 2179
 2180
 2181
 2182
 2183
 2184
 2185
 2186
 2187
 2188
 2189
 2190
 2191
 2192
 2193
 2194
 2195
 2196
 2197
 2198
 2199
 2200
 2201
 2202
 2203
 2204
 2205
 2206
 2207
 2208
 2209
 2210
 2211
 2212
 2213
 2214
 2215
 2216
 2217
 2218
 2219
 2220
 2221
 2222
 2223
 2224
 2225
 2226
 2227
 2228
 2229
 2230
 2231
 2232
 2233
 2234
 2235
 2236
 2237
 2238
 2239
 2240
 2241
 2242
 2243
 2244
 2245
 2246
 2247
 2248
 2249
 2250
 2251
 2252
 2253
 2254
 2255
 2256
 2257
 2258
 2259
 2260
 2261
 2262
 2263
 2264
 2265
 2266
 2267
 2268
 2269
 2270
 2271
 2272
 2273
 2274
 2275
 2276
 2277
 2278
 2279
 2280
 2281
 2282
 2283
 2284
 2285
 2286
 2287
 2288
 2289
 2290
 2291
 2292
 2293
 2294
 2295
 2296
 2297
 2298
 2299
 2300
 2301
 2302
 2303
 2304
 2305
 2306
 2307
 2308
 2309
 2310
 2311
 2312
 2313
 2314
 2315
 2316
 2317
 2318
 2319
 2320
 2321
 2322
 2323
 2324

Q743 3113

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and dates, which appears to be a record of some kind. The names are written in a cursive script, and the dates are in a more formal, printed style. The list is organized into two columns, with names on the left and dates on the right. The names are: John Smith, James Brown, William Jones, and Thomas White. The dates are: 1812, 1813, 1814, and 1815. The list is followed by a signature, which appears to be "John Smith".